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IT is a trifle difficult to know just what Germany means us to understand by the torpedoing of the "Gulflight." If it is war that she means we shall have regretfully to decline the invitation. We do not intend if we can possibly help it to enter this war. Neither do we intend to deal treacherously with the Allies by an embargo on arms, nor to recognize as valid in international law a paper war-zone punctuated by occasional piracy and murder. The people of this country are prepared to endure a great deal. Our hatred of war is so great that only repeated and extreme provocation will make us think of fighting. We have kept our poise in this last incident, and our government deserves all praise for the calm, which may have led German diplomacy to mistake that quiet, and imagine that anything is possible against the United States. But as a matter of fact we are not forgetting, and we shall demand a reckoning. There is very powerful sentiment in this country which favors the Allies, but which would oppose any attempt to crush Germany in the terms of peace. That sentiment is worth more than guns and submarines to Germany. But if the precedent of the "Gulflight" is followed

up, if more neutral ships are torpedoed and innocent people killed, if, for example, a passenger ship should be sunk, Germany would have to deal with an anger all the more terrible because it has been so long suppressed.

ON Saturday last the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs notified the Japanese Minister at Peking that while willing to acquiesce in certain of the Japanese demands, the Chinese government could not accede to them in their entirety. It is now reported that Japan by presenting an ultimatum will force the issue. If this is done, it may mark a turning point in the history of Asia. The Chinese government may not be able to make an effective military opposition, but if Japan invades China because of Yuan Shih Kai's refusal to humiliate his country, Japan must bear the responsibility for an act of wanton aggression. Japan may now be sorely tempted to seek the fulfillment of what she conceives as her imperial destiny. The world is in no position to stop her. Chinese resistance can be overcome. There has never been such a chance before. There may never be again. But Japan's real opportunity is not to grab ruthlessly, but to show the forbearance and the square dealing which she herself demands from others. As the London *Daily News* says in commenting upon these developments, "If there is any lesson which the war in Europe teaches, it is that political crimes, even in so ill-contrived a world as ours, do often avenge themselves."

JOHN R. LAWSON has been sentenced to life imprisonment. He is charged with having been in command of the strikers at Ludlow, Colorado, during the skirmish with the deputies on October 25, 1913. During the fighting John Nimmo, one of the deputies, was shot in the leg and bled to death. Mr. Lawson is not accused of having fired the shot. He is merely accused of having been the leader of the strikers. He is guilty of being a member of the Executive Board of the United Mine

Workers of America. The presiding judge in the case was Granby C. Hillyer, formerly an attorney for the mine owners. During the last campaign Judge Hillyer is said to have made violent and lawless statements against the striking miners. The chief witnesses in the trial were men in the pay of the notorious Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency. The conviction is as sinister a piece of vindictiveness as America has produced. The true guilt for the bloodshed in Colorado rests indelibly upon the mining companies, their agents, and the politicians they control. They corrupted the state government; they nullified the state law; they refused to treat with the men's union. They left open no remedy but rebellion; they offered the men the alternative of a strike or absolute submission, and in opposing the strike they employed thugs who perpetrated what will always be remembered as the massacre of Ludlow. No one denies that the strikers took up arms. But they did so under conditions where self-respect allowed them no other choice. They had lost their civil rights. They were encircled by private property. They were dealing with men not open to argument. They were the victims of a terrible oppression, and they would have been weaklings had they submitted. Our American boast that there is a legal and peaceful remedy for injustice was a mockery in Colorado. Those men in inaccessible mining gulches were the victims of a despotism as drastic as anything that our history shows. If in the pursuit of a few human rights they themselves committed crime, the only answer is that tyranny breeds tyranny, that stupid injustice is not broken by planting violets.

IF there is one political reform upon which all kinds of opinion agree it is that the ballot in most of our states should be shortened. It has become almost an axiom among reformers that by concentrating responsibility upon a few conspicuous officials you can increase rather than decrease the power of public opinion. It ought to be obvious that no gain is made for democracy because the people vote for, let us say, a state engineer whose name they do not know and whose work they cannot judge. Here is common ground where the most radical progressive and Mr. Root can stand together. But this agreement does not mean that the reform will have easy passage in the New York Constitutional Convention. Already Senator Brackett of Saratoga has put in a proposal to lengthen the ballot. Mr. Brackett has, it seems, an irresistible love of elections. He would like the people to vote for the superintendents of banking, insurance, and prisons in addition to all the officials they now vote for. We shall be told by him that concentrating the power of appoint-

ment in the Governor leads straight to a monarchy, and that in 1776 King George III was . . . etc., etc.; also the Man on Horseback, Caesar, and Napoleon. But sensible people will shake their heads and say that to vote for these minor administrative officials is neither election nor selection by the people. It is merely confirming the choice of party bosses who have log-rolled the nominations.

THE arbitration board which has just made its decision in the case between the ninety-eight Western railroads and their sixty-four thousand locomotive engineers, firemen and hostlers, discovers that in nothing are the parties agreed except in bitter opposition to the award. The railroad representatives on the board protest that their signatures to the award "do not signify approval of it in principle or in detail," while the representatives of the men present a dissenting opinion which not only attacks the decision but the whole principle of arbitration by government boards. "Surely," say the men's representatives, "no act by a government tribunal could more keenly bring home to the wage-earners of this great country the consideration they might expect if boards under government control are to adjust their wages and working conditions on such a basis. The whole theory is so repugnant to us that we feel it our duty to advise not only all railroad employees, but every organization of labor, to seek by every influence to secure the revocation of a law that has the smallest tincture of that principle embodied therein." These powerful and intelligent unionists have here taken radical issue with the collectivist principle now becoming so dominant.

AT first glance the denunciation of the principle of the wage-board seems to possess a certain justification. In the present instance the board of arbitration floundered in a morass of technical details and statistical compilations, and could discover no principle to reconcile conflicting claims or to decide between them. What principle could have been used to determine what is just compensation for enginemen on circus trains, the price to be paid for the delay of men at initial and at final terminals, or the proper sizes into which the coal should be broken at the chutes? The principle that wages should not go below a standard compatible with health, decency and comfort, and that this standard of living should be a rising one, is well established, but there is no mechanical or automatic way by which it may be applied. Whether in a given case it means a wage of a thousand, twelve hundred or eighteen hundred dollars will depend in final analysis upon the prepossessions of

the arbitrators. In most industries, therefore, it is far better that wages be settled not by arbitration but by haggling between the union and the employers' association, even though the negotiations frequently break down and devastating strikes occur.

But to this rule there are two exceptions. Where the wage-earners are women or children, incapable of fighting for a decent wage, a government wage-board should in the interests of the whole community determine a rate below which wages must not fall. The second exception is the transportation and other industries, in which continuous service is of vital necessity to the whole community. The labor representatives on the arbitration board attacked the principle of government wage-boards, but they suggested no substitute. Yet what would happen if the companies and the men failed to agree? Either the railroads or their employees could maintain a strike for many months, but the country could not stand it for a fortnight. There is absolutely no other way out. A determination of wages by government boards, while undesirable in ordinary business, is inevitable in an industry like the railroad, where the welfare of the entire community is at stake. But this fact merely increases the responsibility resting upon the arbitrators and upon those who select the arbitrators. The two or three arbitrators who are to interpret the sentiment of a whole nation in such difficult and grave problems must be men far above the average in intellectual probity, and, as far as possible, uninfluenced by class bias, conscious or unconscious.

WHEN you reflect that West Virginia has 3,500 miles of railroad and Serbia 300 miles in a similar area, you get a faint idea of Serbia's backwardness. When you realize that over a third of its 4,500,000 is illiterate, that it has practically no paved roads, that it has no manufactures, that it has a debt of over \$125,000,000, that it mobilized 467,630 men in the Balkan wars and that for three years it has let its farms take care of themselves, you gather the chances of catastrophe. The Rockefeller Commission report proves that catastrophe has arrived. In its two large towns, Nish and Skopje, the population has swelled from 75,000 to 150,000. There is no accommodation for the new inhabitants. Even the dead cannot be buried. In January and February, according to the Commission, sixty out of four hundred of Serbia's physicians died of typhus. There were already 30,000 typhus cases in March. Typhoid and recurrent fever were epidemic. Small-pox and scarlet fever were prevalent. Cholera, the Commission added in March, "is expected with the warmer

weather of spring." Without money, without clothes, without shelter, evicted, diseased, starved, exhausted, unproductive, the vast majority of the civil population is prostrate. For what America has done there is already the deepest gratitude. But it is all too clear, as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan comes bearing independent witness, that hundreds of thousands are doomed unless there is gigantic assistance from outside.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's son is the chief executive officer of the Pullman Car Company. On the stand before the Industrial Commission Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln stated that the dividends of the company last year were \$161,000,000, that the wages of porters were \$27.50 a month, and that the public was expected to supplement this amount by tips in order to make it a living wage. He declared that his company had been a great benefactor of the negro race in opening up this opportunity for employment at "honest labor." He admitted that "this arrangement of tips is not a nice one at all. But it is an old custom, and one to which the colored race is accustomed." Let us be a little clearer about this benefaction. The company employs negro porters, and pays them much less than a living wage; so far the benefaction is not evident. Then it expects the negro porter to secure his living by tips from the public. The benefaction on the part of the public, at least, can be discerned; it is estimated at about \$2,340,000 a year. But the advance to the negro race at "honest labor" which the son of Lincoln applauds seems to consist in offering it sweated labor supplemented by charity.

PRESIDENT LOWELL'S reply to Professor Kuno Meyer's somewhat intemperate epistle is the more welcome as it dispels certain misgivings that have recently prevailed on the score of Harvard's loyalty to the ideals of academic freedom. It will be recalled that only three years ago the President and Fellows of Harvard University closed the college lecture halls to suffrage speakers invited by the students, solemnly resolving that "the halls of the University shall not be open for persistent and systematic propaganda on contentious questions of contemporaneous social, economic, political or religious interest." The misgivings may indeed have been shared by Professor Meyer himself, when he was informed four months ago that he would not be invited to lecture at Harvard because of his German propaganda among the Irish. President Lowell's letter, however, should leave no room for further doubts. "As you are aware," he writes, "the freedom of speech of neither the professors nor the students

in an American university is limited." And he adds: "This policy of freedom of speech we shall continue to pursue, for we believe it to be the only one which accords with the principle of academic freedom."

FIFTEEN young women, graduates of Vassar, Barnard, Radcliffe, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, petitioned recently to be admitted to the Harvard Law School on the same terms with men. They pointed out that the law recognizes women's equal capacity with men's to undertake the responsibilities of the legal profession; that institutions of the first rank, including Johns Hopkins University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have admitted women without lowering academic standards; that the work done in classes to which women were admitted was identical in time, in thoroughness and in severity with that done in the corresponding courses for men only. Their petition was rejected. Despite the fact that more than three-quarters of the members of the American Association of Law Schools admit women, the Corporation of Harvard University considers the relative merits of coeducation and separate instruction of the sexes in professional schools an unsettled question. A majority of these gentlemen are opposed to woman suffrage; one of them, it is said, disapproves of the higher education of women. Can this be the bar which excludes young women seeking a legal education from the Harvard Law School?

The Leader Roosevelt Is

MR. IVINS seized quickly enough upon the weak point in Mr. Roosevelt's testimony. The Colonel has only in recent years begun to fight the bosses, and even then he has fought only those bosses who were in his way. As Governor and as President he worked with the bosses. He was intimate with Platt, Odell and Mr. Barnes himself. He took his own nomination from Boss Platt, and consulted with him constantly about appointments and official acts.

Mr. Ivins: Now during your entire term as Governor you conferred and consulted with Mr. Platt, did you not, as leader of your party?

Mr. Roosevelt: The whole time I conferred and consulted with Mr. Platt with the genuine purpose to do what he wished whenever I honorably could with regard to the interest of the party, with the genuine desire to keep the Republican party together—to prevent it from flying asunder.

This was an easy opening for Mr. Ivins. It was the chance to make it appear that the righteous had not always been so righteous.

Mr. Ivins: Did you in the campaign (for Governor in 1898) attack boss rule?

Mr. Roosevelt: Not at all. It was not an issue.

Mr. Ivins: Why was it not an issue, if there was a machine and there was boss rule?

Mr. Roosevelt: Because there was no feeling against it at that time.

Mr. Ivins: Then you do not attack anything unless there is a feeling against it, is that what you mean to say?

Mr. Roosevelt: I attack—I attack iniquities, I attack all wrongdoing, I try to choose the time for an attack when I can get the people to accept the principles for which I stand. I believe that you can only accomplish reforms of a permanent character when you can educate the people up to the point of standing by them.

On that testimony the purist and the cynic will agree, the purist to point out that righteousness when it is popular is not righteousness at all, the cynic to assert that righteousness is occasionally good practical politics. Neither will be inclined to give much weight to Mr. Roosevelt's explanation made in 1911 during his last interview with Mr. Barnes: "I said . . . that in my judgment the time had passed when the Republican party would submit to a revival of the boss system as practiced by Mr. Platt." Insurgency had developed; the Taft administration was shaken by the revolt of Dolliver, Cummins, La Follette; Mr. Roosevelt, returning from Africa, saw at a glance the handwriting upon the wall. The "time for an attack" had come.

This does not mean, as Mr. Ivins implied, that Colonel Roosevelt is merely a politician who follows the fashions. It means that he is not a pioneer, that his voice is better in a crowd than in the wilderness, that he is by genius a leader of majorities. He is not a lonely fighter. He is not a La Follette nor a Debs. He is not one man against a multitude. Other men have prepared what he has carried out. Other men have suffered to sow what he has reaped so triumphantly. But just this has been his great work in American history. He has taken reforms and opinions which belonged to sects and localities and given them a national setting. This sensitiveness to popular feeling, which to men like Mr. Ivins is the fickleness of a demagogue, is really a sign that he is a true leader of democratic opinion. If Mr. Roosevelt is not a pioneer, he is also not a die-hard Tory. He gives before public opinion. He is the kind of ruler who is capable of learning. To all propa-

gandists he has offered the hope that argument and agitation count, that ideas do affect the leaders of men, that the lonely idea of the pioneer can finally be made part of a nation's thinking. He has shown that a President need not be a Bourbon, that a ruler need not be an obstructionist, that new theories do penetrate, and that a democracy can be led by men whose minds are plastic.

Of course he is conventional. He has spoken for a larger group of people than any leader ever spoke for. He has echoed their prejudices and formulated their earnestness. But though he is conventional, he has not been rigidly conventional. He is not as progressive as the best thought of this country, but he is at least as progressive as, if not more progressive than the great weight of our citizenship. He has remained close to them, never forgetting that we are a conglomerate people of all stocks, of all grades of life, of a thousand conflicting interests. He has done what no man has ever done before him, made himself not only a ruler but a leader of so vast and intricate a population. It is this which has enabled him to be the great middleman of reform. He is the man above all others who has carried new thought into the common consciousness of the American people.

By these standards he deserves to be estimated. Weigh him as a pioneer he will fail, as a radical he will be a disappointment, as a conservative he will be a turncoat. But to apply these other standards is to judge a cabbage for its beauty and a lily for its taste. If democracies require men to mediate between the sect and the mass, between the locality and the nation, between one interest and other interests, then they require men like Mr. Roosevelt, conventional but sensitive, popular but willing to learn, not too far ahead but always ready to move forward.

It was neither an apology nor an excuse when he stated that he chose the opportunity for attack, that he did not fight the bosses in 1899 because they were "not an issue" then. The statement is consistent with his character and his usefulness, however much it may outrage a legal debater. It is possible to dislike that character, to disagree with the policies Mr. Roosevelt has made his own, to attack him for changing too quickly or too slowly. In the heat of controversy he has fought bitterly as he has been fought bitterly. His usefulness is often obscured in those quarrels, both by Mr. Roosevelt himself and by his opponents. But at this moment his record as a whole is on trial; his historic position, not a particular move, is at stake. And it would be as ungrateful as it would be foolish to lose sight of his central importance, to forget the quality of leadership he represents.

A true perspective of the man is impossible ex-

cept in relation to his time and his opportunities. He comes of conservative stock. He grew up in the cynical 'eighties. He emerged when American politics was at its nadir under Mark Hanna. He became prominent in the excitement of a war. He was lifted into a governorship under conditions so well described by Mr. Lemuel E. Quigg: "The Senator (Boss Platt) has said that he would prevent your nomination if he could see any fair reason to believe that your administration would be injurious to the organization." The bosses were frank in those days. Mr. Roosevelt became Governor, Vice-President, and President. He held his party together. He made the party of Hanna and Platt stand for conservation, railroad regulation, the supremacy of government over business. He introduced a new quality of man into public life, made it possible for the Pinchots and the Goethals's to serve the government. He continued to learn, became aware of some of the tyrannies of property, and found the old organization would bend no further. Then he fought it.

He took up the attack against the bosses when they had become purely obstructionist to his new vision. He attacked only those bosses who stood in the way of his new purposes. He worked with the bosses who worked with him. He did just what Woodrow Wilson has done, what every national leader is practically compelled to do. Mr. Wilson in 1898 was a quiet, gentlemanly Southern conservative. He made no violent attacks on New Jersey corruption in the years while the pioneers were at work; only in 1910 did Mr. Wilson enter politics. It was the zenith of insurgency, and he made himself famous by his attack on the New Jersey bosses. But the attack was never carried through. Since he was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Wilson has not fought the Democratic bosses. He has fought for his great measures, for the tariff, the Reserve Board, the Trade Commission. He found as Mr. Roosevelt found that the party organization could be dominated up to a certain time, and he has borrowed no unnecessary trouble. The cynic may smile, but the problem of Mr. Wilson and of Mr. Roosevelt has been to choose between a political fight and certain definite accomplishments. It is a hard choice and a galling one, but it is the choice offered to national leaders by the political negligence of the American people. "It was desirable for me," said Mr. Roosevelt, "to go where the real power was—to talk with Mr. Platt, not to talk with those who merely carried out the wishes of Mr. Platt, if I wanted to get any affirmative action."

Some men would have refused to talk with Mr. Platt. They are the true pioneers of a better day, and their long uphill fight is making one of the

finest pages in our history. But someone must make the best of the particular opportunity while others prepare a future one. And in any fair view of human events the pioneer and the progressive leader are allies, and only uncharitableness of understanding could set them at odds, for their fundamental cooperation is more important than their disagreements.

War Babies

LADY CECILIA ROBERTS in London moved a resolution protesting against "attempts now being made in the press and elsewhere to confuse public opinion on the subject of war babies." The resolution, so the cable dispatches say, was carried unanimously. Yet opinion, in spite of the resolution, continues to be confused; vacillates between the two poles represented by those who are afraid of "setting a premium on immorality," and those who, like the French deputies, are for abolishing the whole distinction of illegitimacy and welcoming every baby as an addition to the grievously depleted human stock.

War babies, like other illegitimate babies, are almost without exception accidents. They were not conceived because their mothers or their fathers desired them. But having been conceived they will have to be born, and nothing will be gained by making life difficult for them. They are as innocent as innocence itself, and any punishment visited upon them is barbarous. Nevertheless they will suffer. They will be born of harassed mothers, reared either in a lonely household or by a mechanical institution. Their childhood will be spent in poverty, for war babies are born to the poor, and they will be deprived of the normal relations of the family, a fact bound to influence deeply their emotional and mental development.

War babies are not, in spite of the *New York Times*, a product of eugenic impulse. They are the unfortunate consequence of ignorance amid the glamor of the training-camp and the dissolution which always follows in the wake of an army. The impulse to treat them a little more charitably is about as humane, and not more so, than the intention not to employ dum-dum bullets. If there must be fighting let it be as painless as possible; if there must be unwanted children, let an effort be made to rescue them from the worst stigma and the worst neglect.

For the immediate needs of the expectant mothers there is no choice but the one suggested by Mr. Ronald M'Neill in his letter to the Lon-

don *Morning Post*. They must be dealt with in as kindly and self-respecting a way as the world knows. No one can dare to advocate for them the sort of punishment which Mr. M'Neill describes, "the prospect of childbearing in unprepared conditions, almost certainly without proper attendance either of midwife or doctor, and, as regards locus, with a choice between their own narrow, crowded home among angry, outraged, and censorious relations and neighbors, and flight they know not whither."

But once these immediate needs have been met, it is surely the greatest folly to pretend that illegitimacy is desirable or a service to the race. The argument against bearing illegitimate children is not derived from the sexual illegitimacy of the parents. It is based on the fact that to bear unwanted children is a crime against the children, a way of starting a human soul handicapped upon its career. That handicap can probably not be removed even though all the social stigma were abolished. It will remain because any child which is reared by only one parent is spiritually impoverished, and because the child of a deserted mother lives in a weakened and saddened environment. This argument against illegitimacy will survive the old black notions of punishment, since it rests on plain and well-ventilated observation. It applies equally to the illegal child, to the children of hasty war-marriages, and to the children of any marriage where decent nurture and attention are impossible.

A race cannot be strengthened by mere multiplication. Only the wholesale barbarism of war and capitalism and imperialist expansion would ever have made mere quantity a standard of morals. That is why the sentimental appreciation of war babies is so disheartening. It is not a flare-up of liberalism, not a new sense of the sanctity of life, but a worried and careless attempt to recoup the losses of war. Against the proposal to drop the savage punishment of the illegitimate no humane person will say a word. But against the idealization of haphazard, unwanted and promiscuous childbirth all decency rebels. It asserts that the way to replenish the race is not to stampede women into childbearing, but to acquire a fresh sense of the terrible wastage of life in the normal pursuits of peace. England or France can make up the losses of this war by dealing with their slums and their factories, their poverty and their disease. They can make permanent additions to their racial strength by a regard for the quality of births and the opportunities of children. But they are baling out the ocean with a sieve if they try merely to make up for wholesale destruction by indiscriminate propagation.

The Dangerous Classes

THOSE reckless demagogues who recently claimed that three hundred thousand workers were idle in New York City must realize to-day how timid is mendacity, for their "wild exaggerations" have proved to be gross under-estimates, and the truth is far worse than they ever dared imagine. We have now before us the results of three independent investigations—by the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the United States Department of Labor; and these investigations show that in the early months of 1915 from four hundred to four hundred and forty thousand wage-earners in the city were simultaneously unemployed, to say nothing of those workers who were kept on part time or were employed irregularly. The detailed figures, as presented in Bulletin 172 of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, are infinitely depressing. But they are worth careful study. The only reassuring feature of this hideous revelation is that at last we seem willing to face facts and to study the problem of unemployment as it recurs year after year, in bad times and good.

And yet as we console ourselves with this reflection we wonder how much of this new solicitude about the unemployed is due to our sympathy and how much to our fear. We have had unpleasant meetings of the unemployed, and have been disquieted because these jobless men broke into our churches and our newspapers, and crashed through the glass of those hothouses which we call our private consciences. We know of course that they are weak, and that a platoon of policemen with night-sticks could handle hundreds of them. But we also know that it is the weak who are formidable. It is from this fringe of our economic population, so we are told, that "the dangerous classes" are recruited.

We have always marvelled at this confident phrase, "the dangerous classes." It seems so completely to explain itself, to preclude all discussion of values and interpretations. And yet who are the dangerous classes? Why are they dangerous, and to whom?

It is curious how almost from the beginning of history the men who had more than was good for them always held in special fear not their slaves, not wage-laborers, not exploited peasants, but the unemployed of the age, the men without definite occupation, "without visible means of support." There is always this identification of vague "dangerous classes" with the unemployed. Twenty-three hundred years ago we find Pericles settling his Athenians upon conquered territory in order "to rid the city of an unemployed and therefore unruly mob." Rome also feared its workless men, and

Europe as it emerged from the Middle Ages viewed the man without employment as a dangerous fellow, a sturdy beggar, a vagrant, a man outside the system and therefore against the system. The fear of the unemployed is not a product of modern capitalism, though it may have been intensified by capitalism. It is a fear psychologically justified, a fear rooted in the nature of the relation between the men who cannot earn their living and the rest of society.

For there is no torture so refined as that of the man who is willing—even anxious—to work and yet slowly starves because, for reasons he cannot understand, he is not permitted to work. The unemployed man with feet coming through the leather flaps which were once his shoes, learns that men who were yesterday shoemakers are to-day unemployed because there is no demand for shoes. He walks all night through streets of empty houses which cannot be let. Gradually, almost necessarily, his moral complexion alters. He meets temptations which no one but a saint or fool would withstand, and he does not withstand them. What becomes of him? What has become of the less fortunate of the four hundred thousand New Yorkers who in February, 1915, were unemployed? What has become of the one hundred thousand who in February had already been unemployed for more than one hundred and twenty consecutive days? What has become of the thousands of men and women who were then homeless, who slept in cheap lodging-houses, immigrant homes, employment agencies, missions, in the rear rooms of saloons, or lay shelterless on public streets, bridges and docks, or in parks in midwinter? Some are dead; some are in prisons and in brothels; some are on the long white road, begging, stealing, occasionally working, freed from all manner of restraints and ancient inhibitions. Some are back at their old jobs, apparently the same, but disillusioned.

If such men are dangerous it is because they are at once without habits and without hope. Society never totally fears the man with a steady job, however infertile, for such a man is a slave to habit. When the employed man awakes in the morning he does not think of brawls and revolutions, but of breakfast and his daily task. He moves to his work in obedience to a habit as unconscious and ingrained as that which forces you each morning to put your left shoe on first or to button the buttons of your vest in some particular unreasoned succession. Even the slave is held as much by habit as by force. But the unemployed man, if he is unemployed long enough, tends to become habitless, as he also tends to become hopeless. He has no reverence for a government under which he starves,

or for a social system into which he does not fit. Despite his weakness, he is dangerous, and it is well that he is dangerous. For if he were not dangerous we should, despite our philanthropy, let many more men and women rot in the streets or in the foul little holes that our official reports call "dwellings." If the unemployed were still more formidable, we should have long since learned how to help them—and ourselves.

In ancient Rome, as in Athens centuries before, the wealthy met this danger by corrupting the unemployed, by buying them off with presents of grain and oil and even of clothes and money. Rome thus compounded its unemployment. And if Rome bribed, Europe, in the late Middle Ages and in more recent centuries, assassinated its unemployed. The able-bodied rogues who festered in filthy alleys or marched in troops along the highroads were recognized as intrinsically perilous to all "good people," and were accordingly set in the stocks and condemned to have their ears hewn off or their noses sliced and on the third offense to be hanged by the neck. Life in the Middle Ages was secure for the masters and artisans of the Guilds, but outside was an increasing number of miserable souls who existed at their own peril. If you were unfortunate or improvident enough to be without place in the economic structure of the Middle Ages, you were not unlikely to spend a short and a miserable life. In those days the stolid burghers had a tough conscience, a clear sense of their own worth and of the worthlessness of the wretched, and a quick and a merry way of dealing with the unemployed.

We to-day have no such clear conscience, no such absolute judgment, and we can no longer believe that these "dangerous" unemployed men are wretched because they are evil. We have been taught the dismaying doctrine of social responsibility, and it becomes increasingly difficult to absolve ourselves from moral liabilities which once seemed remote. We have learned still other things, to our mental discomfort though not to our hurt. One is that men cannot decay in society without healthy men dying of the decay. The other is that we cannot destroy a class either by bribery or assassination, and cannot attempt either policy without undermining the morality of the entire nation.

Nor is a solution of the problem inherently impossible. Unemployment is a chronic evil which can be increased or abated, and which may be even converted into a positive good, the good of a regulated, foreseen and secure leisure. The demand for the labor of men varies with the season and with other factors, but if we know beforehand that we are to have a particular time free, and if we

are insured against a loss in earning power, we can make of this anticipated leisure a pleasure and a profit. But if we are to foresee unemployment, to utilize it for positive social purposes, we must be willing to make great and costly changes in our whole industrial system. We must make complete security and a high standard of living for all workmen a first lien upon industry, and we must not permit property rights to invalidate the right of all wage-earners to an uninterrupted wage when forced out of the factory by contractions of trade.

We are far away indeed from even an approach to a solution of the unemployed problem. While we suggest broad schemes for industrial change, we find even the most obvious and immediate reforms—those which cost little and will effect correspondingly little—opposed by conservatives on the grounds of economy, personal liberty, the Bill of Rights and Magna Charta. We speak of great transformations of society, but find it almost impossible to get a system of labor exchanges or government insurance of the unemployed, to say nothing of such a thoroughgoing regulation of industry as would decasualize labor and give stability to the wage-earning group in all industries.

In view of the difficulty of securing even the mildest measures of reform, because of the indifference of the people who do not know what they want and of the obstruction of the people who do, the phrase "the dangerous classes" is not free from ambiguity. We wonder who were the dangerous people in the England of the Tudors; the sturdy rogues, who tramped along the highroads and did some stealing and worse and were hanged by the neck until they were dead, or the loyal and conservative gentlemen of England who "legally" enclosed the common lands and thus filled the roads with more vagrants than all England could hang.

The New REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion*

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"A Journal of Opinion"

A NUMBER of letters have appeared among the correspondence printed in *THE NEW REPUBLIC* which indicate that some of its readers are in doubt in regard to its aims and tendencies. Representatives of various "causes" have been asking a little peevishly what its editors "stand for." Persons who have pledged themselves to the promotion or frustration of a particular movement are naturally nervous unless they can be sure of the whereabouts of a possible enemy. For such people the world is divided into two distinct classes; those who agree with them and those who do not. The partisan may, by a painful exercise of the imagination, conceive of people who are unaware of the issue which he has at heart, but he demands that all who play his game should play it seriously and for keeps. He is intolerant of miscellaneous sniping on the part of those not in the uniformed ranks of pros and antis. But even those not partisan in the usual sense of the term may well ask what the new journal "stands for." It is clearly serious, although not solemn. Its name suggests aspirations beyond amusing its readers and instructing them only so far as may be compatible with the purity of the home and the consequent integrity of the subscription list. It appears to have no set convictions, no clearly defined political, religious, social, economic or artistic principles, ancient or modern; it espouses no current issue. Nevertheless it seems to have an end in view. May it not be that the chief distinction and importance of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* consists precisely in not "standing for" anything?

When its editors and promoters first reviewed the vast numbers of existing periodicals, they must have been impressed by the satisfactory manner in which all "causes," movements, reforms, beliefs and interests were already represented by special magazines dedicated to their defense. The capitalist and socialist, the protectionist and free trader, the militarist and pacifist, the suffragists and their opponents, the teetotalers and theirs, all have their serial advocates, and so has every religious sect, every profession, art, trade and branch of industry, from the theologians and metaphysicians to the commercial travelers and laundrymen. Each time one glances at the news-stands he sees that another hitherto neglected corner of existence is to be illuminated at weekly or monthly intervals.

To the imposing array of special and partisan magazines the editors of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* probably had no inclination to add. They dreamed, I suspect, not of adhesion but of detachment; not

of loyalty to principle but of serious and persistent criticism; not of conclusions but of discussion. Other editors before them have dreamed of the same things and have to some extent realized their visions, but they have commonly been either too eccentric and too personal to exercise a wide influence, or, more commonly, too conservative to escape the bounds of ordinary thought. And honest and profitable discussion, it must be remembered, has always been a rare thing in this world. The words "reasonableness" and "fairmindedness" fall pleasantly on the ear, and Cicero's claim to belong to those who seek to refute without obstinacy and who suffer refutation without impatience, would be approved by the most hot-headed fanatic. We resent being called intolerant or prejudiced, and we applaud breadth of view and openness of mind. But over against these aspirations we set up a conflicting set of ideals—sound doctrine, consistency, fidelity to principle, the teachings of the ages, God's will, the dictates of conscience, eternal verities, immutable human nature, the imprescriptible rights of man. In practice we place our full confidence in these. Plato, Cicero and Montaigne may have gloried in sweet reasonableness, but what are they to the respected and unbroken line of dogmatists from Aristotle to our own day? Aristotle was well aware, however, of the distinction between discussion for truth's sake and argument directed toward victory. The one he called Dialectic, the other Eristic. The first is a way of acquiring, modifying or losing convictions; the other of protecting from harm those already got. Eristic is a peculiarly Christian virtue. It consists in putting on the armor of the Lord and defending the faith that is in us. It possesses a conspicuous element of military heroism which is usually missed in sweet reasonableness. It seems to suit the taste of carnal man too. Few, like Montaigne, have well enough formed heads to find the pillow of doubt a comfortable one.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, we may assume, stands on the whole for dialectic; but even this implies a kind of partisanship and special pleading, for underlying and justifying all serious discussion is doubt, and doubt only arises when one becomes suspicious of accepted notions. A man has to prove his right to doubt before he can establish his right to discuss, and the limits of discussion are established by the extent of the doubt. Most discussion of morals and social and political reorganization is highly superficial, for the reason that the participants have no inclination, or do not ven-

ture publicly, to impugn the accepted views of the relations of men and women to each other and to the state. The great opportunity of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* seems to be that it proposes to introduce scientific doubt into human affairs on a larger scale than any other journal of opinion, with the conviction that only in this way can the intellect be freed for fruitful discussion. It proposes to question where others have assumed. It may refuse to confine its operations within the bounds of what seems moral, reasonable, practical and constitutional to thoughtful conservatives to-day, for its editors may well believe that they have good reasons for scrutinizing with suspicion those generalizations about human nature and human relations which have been erected into moral, religious and political principles. This is a hard saying, I know. But if, like Descartes, the editors decided that they had no reason for believing anything that they had been taught about mankind, they would at least justify free and fresh discussion beyond anything dreamed of in existing magazines.

Should they wish to substantiate the right to doubt the old order, they could adduce at least three overwhelming reasons. First, the present state of society is in many fundamental respects unprecedented. The environment in which we grow up is unlike that of any other generation. The industrial revolution with its promises and disappointments, our huge cities, our world-wide commerce and means of communication, our democratic institutions, our scientific ideas and changing religious notions, our popular education and newspapers, have served to dislocate the older traditional habits of life and thought, and have created situations, possibilities and urgent problems that those who framed our principles of morality could not possibly have foreseen. The hideous impropriety of the older ideas of the relations of nations to one another is now being illustrated upon a scale which must fill every emancipated mind with grim satisfaction. The waste, suffering and disorder of our industrial conditions all suggest the inadequacy of sanctified rules of conduct. The editors of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* are justified in asking whether, if principles which are still generally accepted and defended grew up under conditions widely different from our own, we must not reconcile ourselves to reconsidering them. Granted that once they were suited to human needs, are they any longer so in our new world?

Again, not only has the environment of modern society been revolutionized, but our knowledge of man, his origin and nature and the development of his civilization, has so far advanced through the study of biology, anthropology, history, and various new branches of psychology—comparative,

social, and abnormal—as to discredit the assumptions of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. These discoveries alone make necessary a radical revision of our ideas of the creature whose welfare we have most at heart. We know him very imperfectly even yet, but we at least have no excuse for dealing with him after the manner of Seneca, St. Augustine or John Wesley. Even if our material and intellectual environment had not been altered by applied science and new knowledge of the world, the vastly increased insight into man himself would justify the ruthless discussion of those moral dicta which come down from a time when his nature was so misapprehended.

And again, as one reviews the history of opinion, the processes by which man has made up his mind in the past, it becomes clear that careful reasoning based upon painfully accumulated and tested facts has had little or no part in the operation. Man may have reasoned instinctively, as Mr. Graham Wallas cheerily guesses, but he certainly tumbled up from his life in the forest by utilizing the instinctive process of groping and fumbling—of “trial and error.” He stumbled on inventions without a set purpose of improvement. When men in the towns of Ionia and southern Italy began consciously to think on a large scale they prided themselves too often on the noble abstractness of their speculations, and actual knowledge of man’s nature and environment made shockingly little progress. Then western Europe was overwhelmed with a flood of mystical religious ideas which were the subject of metaphysical speculations in the mediæval universities. About the year 1600 an essentially new method of dealing with natural science was developed by Lord Bacon, Galileo and Descartes, which consisted in systematic experiment. This was a union of the prehistoric trial and error with highly critical reasoning. It led speedily to a rejection of almost all the older notions of the world. Social science has just reached this stage, three centuries later. It may be as vain for us to try to hold on to the imprescriptible rights of man as for Galileo to have attempted to reconcile his discoveries in mechanics with Aristotle’s theory of light and heavy, or for a modern chemist to think in terms of earth, air, fire and water. Why *should* we respect the conclusions of past centuries? We cannot escape them in our conduct, but shall we permit them to limit us in our reasoning?

The fundamental issue between ordinary reform talk and a bold journal of opinion lies in the acceptance or rejection of mere presuppositions. If we agree with high-minded representatives of the conservative class, we shall take an optimistic view of the past conclusions of mankind and make them the necessary basis of any reconstructions we may

undertake. If, on the other hand, we believe that we must begin over, at least in our thought, we have an immeasurably more difficult task, but one that must be faced in the hope that the advances in social science may sometime reward us as those in natural science have already done. At present THE NEW REPUBLIC promises to become a chief solace to that growing class of thoughtful men who

have no undue reverence for established habits of thought, and who feel that our final extrication from the present muddle must come in part at least through unhampered scientific criticism, not only of existing moral, social and political institutions, but of the very ideas and standards that have been underlying them.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

Trade as a Cause of War

DECENT men in the belligerent countries feel a natural repugnance in time of war to any discussion of the economic bearings of the struggle. If nations are to fight with clear consciences and single hearts, they must fight on in the belief that any objects which concern their statesmen beyond the objects of defence and national security are purely idealistic. We are all pragmatists in wartime; we believe what will conduce to victory. Cool observers see clearly the widening out of an immense range of colonial, imperial and economic issues which will confront us at the settlement and after it. But these things are not debated as we debate the issues of nationality in this war. One might suppose from a study of our press that we are much more vitally interested in the fate of the Slovenes than we are in the trade of China.

This idealism is absolutely sincere, and a natural consequence of the exaltation of emotion which belongs to any war of nations. We can endure the thought that our young men are falling in many thousands for the liberties of little peoples. That brief statement of our aims would end in bathos if we were to add to it the subjection of China to Japanese suzerainty, the partition of Turkey into spheres of influence, the acquisition by the Allies of the German colonies, and the setting up of a Russian customs house at Constantinople. The mischief of this obsession is that the very field which stands most in need of illumination from critical yet idealistic thinking is left in a half light of semi-secrecy, and the will of democracies hardly dreams of intervening in the clash of the interests which divide it. Public opinion and the fortunes of war will govern the settlement of Belgium and Alsace, but in our present temper it is only too probable that all the colonial and economic issues involved in it will be left to the diplomatists with only the interests behind them.

The penetrating memorandum addressed by the New York Reform Club to President Wilson has sketched broadly but with sure insight the commercial and colonial questions which helped to lead

up to this war. None of these issues appeared in the negotiations which preceded the war, but most of them were latent in the consciousness of the statesmen and even of the peoples. The curse of our unorganized Europe has been that fundamental change has rarely been possible save as a sequel of war. Diplomacy was always busied with a pathetic conservatism in bolstering up the *status quo*, or in arranging those little readjustments which might just avail to stave off war. The big issues, both intellectual and economic, accumulated their explosive violence, and if we ask for a single psychological explanation of this war, we which might just avail to stave off war. The big led millions of men in Europe to think daily, "For a solution of this or the other issue we must wait for the next European war." We shall not banish war from Europe until we are civilized enough to create an organization that can make and impose fundamental changes without war. The best we can do in the meantime is to prepare to avail ourselves of the brief moment of settlement during which the structure of Europe will still be fluid under the shock of war, to bring our idealistic and democratic forces to bear upon these larger issues.

The Reform Club's memorandum deals with three of these questions: the abolition of capture at sea in war time, the freedom of the world's straits and highways in time of war, and the exploitation of colonies under a system of protection. The system of legalized piracy which permits navies to prey on commerce in wartime is undoubtedly the most potent incentive to swollen armaments at sea. So long as it survives, the opinion of the mercantile classes will never effectively back the demand for economy in armaments, for it is bound to regard navies as an insurance. The question of the ownership of straits stands high among the many competing causes of bloodshed. It explains the German struggle for Calais no less than the Allied expedition to the Dardanelles. One may doubt, however, whether a proposal to neutralize any of the more vital of these straits—the Straits of Dover or Gibraltar,

for example—would stand a chance of calm consideration on the morrow of such a war as this. It will be feasible when war is no longer an ever-present terror; and when that day comes it will have lost its importance. Far more central in our problem is the general question of colonialism. It is a commonplace to say that modern industrial peoples desire colonies almost solely for economic reasons, and that one of the chief motives for this expansion would disappear with any approach to free trade. If the British colonies had not granted a preference to the mother country, and if French colonies were not hedged about with an impenetrable tariff wall, the feeling among German industrialists that their expansion was "hemmed in" would have been less acute, and the pressure for "places in the sun" would have been less powerful.

But it is doubtful whether the question of markets is as potent a cause of armaments and war as the competition to secure concessions, monopolies, and spheres of influence. The export of capital means much more for the modern politics of imperialism than the export of manufactured goods. The *conquistador* of to-day is the financier who acquires mining rights in Morocco, loan privileges in Turkey, or railway concessions in China. The foreign policy of Great Britain and our place in the European system has been governed for a generation by the occupation of Egypt, whither we went in the wake of the bond-holders. It explains our long bickerings with France; it helped to fling an isolated France into the arms of Russia; it brought us finally into the disastrous bargain over Morocco which underlay our feud with Germany. The competition of national financial groups for concessions in Turkey or China is not the competition of the market-place at home. Behind the financier stands the diplomatist, and behind the diplomatist is his navy. There is a clash of armor-plates when these competitors jostle. The struggle for a Balance of Power in Europe has often seemed little more than a race for the force and prestige which would enable the dominant Power or group of Powers to secure the concessions or the monopoly spheres which it coveted in the half-developed regions of the earth. No modern nation would openly make war to secure such ends as these, for no democracy would support it. Even the half-evolved democracy of Russia recoiled from the Manchurian war. But every nation, by pursuing these ends, makes the armed peace and the unstable equilibrium which prepares our wars.

The remedy is so simple that only a very clever man could sophisticate himself into missing it, and it is as old as Cobden. It is not necessary to establish universal free trade to stop the rivalry to monopolize colonial markets; it would suffice to

declare free trade in the colonies, or even in those which are not self-governing. To deal with the evil of "concessions" all that is required is a general understanding that financiers must win their own way, by merit or push or bribes, and that the doors of the embassies will be banged in their faces when they seek support. These sentences are easily written, but they would involve the democratization of diplomacy everywhere, the overthrow of the colonial group in France, and the confounding of the national economists in Germany. The force which might work such miracles is nowhere mobilized, for, with all their will to peace, the democracies nowhere understand the bearings of these colonial and commercial issues on war and armaments. It requires some imagination to understand that when two embassies compete in Peking for a railway concession, the issue may be determined by the balance of naval power in the North Sea. It requires some habit of observation to realize that because this may happen in Peking, the investing and governing classes are bound to keep up the balance in the North Sea. The nexus is none the less simple and clear, and it will hold as long as diplomacy continues to engage in this disguised imperial trading, so long as capital possesses nationality and regards the flag as an asset.

There are none the less ways of escape which are neither Utopian nor heroic. It ought not to be utterly beyond the statesmanship of Europe to decree some limited form of colonial free trade by general agreement—to apply it, for example, to Africa. France would oppose it, but what if Alsace were to be restored on this condition? To open a great colonial market to Hamburg, while ending the dream of *revanche*, would be to remove the two chief causes of war in Western Europe. American statesmanship may ere long have the power to propose such a bargain as this. For the plague of concession-hunting the best expedient would probably be to impose on all the competing national groups in each area the duty of amalgamating in a permanently international syndicate. If one such syndicate controlled all the railways and another all the mines of China and Turkey, a vast cause of national rivalry would be removed. The interests of China and Turkey might be secured by interposing a disinterested council or arbitrator between them and the syndicate to adjust their respective interests. Short of creating a world State or a European federation, the chief constructive work for peace is to establish colonial free trade and internationalize the export of capital.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

The Western Railroads Wage Case

THE end of the work of the Board of Arbitration in the Western Railroads Wage Arbitration case is an event relatively as important as the adjournment of a Congress or the conclusion of a national political convention. The Board of Arbitration which has been hearing and weighing, since November last, the evidence laid before it by the ninety-eight railroads and their 64,000 engineers and firemen, was a substitute for a strike. Had there been no Newlands act, the Brotherhoods would unquestionably either have struck or have come so near to tying up the traffic of the heart of the country that public opinion would have justified presidential interference. As it was, arbitration followed the failure of federal mediation only because the men jockeyed the roads into such a position that they had to regard Mr. Wilson's plea and submit to this most modern method of settling disputes about hours and rates of pay. Once the proceedings grew beyond the simple phase of war or peace, however, the principal issue became more than the question of this or that specific increase in pay or decrease in working time. The actual recognition by the Board, the railroads or the public of the theory of productive efficiency which the Brotherhoods made their main argument is immaterial; it was the controlling issue during the tired weeks of the arbitration, and it will be forced into the next similar case when the time comes.

Many remarkable features characterized this case, the second one under the revised Erdman act. The direct pressure of the President of the United States was necessary before the proceedings could be begun—pressure said to have been transmitted through Mr. Wilson, from the centralized banking interests which control transportation companies, to the railroad managers. For five hours a day, for five days a week, and almost without intermission from the last day of November to the first week in April, the Board sat and listened, with characteristically judicial patience, to the body of experts, accountants, statisticians, economists and practical railroad men who formed the list of persons of this drama. Over seven thousand pages of printed testimony were taken, and among the exhibits filed, the railroads presented an astonishing one showing the earnings, hours of labor and miles run by every fireman and engineer on the lines involved for every day in the month of October, 1913. Estimates of the cost of the arbitration vary from \$550,000 for the men to \$1,000,000 for the roads, with a sum naturally

much less for the expenses of the federal government. There were roomfuls of clerks, trunkfuls of documents, and days and nights of labor at high tension. It was quite fitting that on this gigantic stage should be played a drama of labor and capital whose motive was the motive of the industrial struggle itself, the demand on the part of labor for a share in the value created by it, this share to come as a wage right, not as a bonus or as an accident.

Men representing the railroads and men representing the railroad workers have agreed that arbitration by a non-expert board is a dangerous if not a foolish method of settling disputes, but both agree that, failing mediation, it is the only present resort in times of this kind of trouble. Professor F. H. Dixon of the Bureau of Railway Economics has pointed out that mediation has succeeded, where it did succeed, because the Erdman mediators never made any pretense of "settling questions on their merits," and that long practice developed mediators capable of acting as confidential repositories for the demands and hopes of both sides, who could usually strike a happy medium fairly agreeable to each. Arbitration, however, conducted each time by new men, left the burden of decision to amateurs. "As a matter of fact," says this recognized authority, "the situation is hopeless, and will remain so, as long as we delude ourselves into thinking that we can under present economic conditions find a basis for wages in any theory of ultimate reasonableness. . . . No more in the determination of a wage scale than in the determination of a railway rate is there an exact mathematical formula for reasonableness. So long as the two parties to the dispute are free to dicker undisturbed by outside influences, the conclusions reached will be the resultant of the bargaining skill and brute force of the contending factions; if arbitrators intervene, guesswork and compromise will play their part."

Yet the task which the Brotherhoods put up to the Board and which they promise to put up to future boards, was the highly baffling one of obtaining a determination of wages as "a proper measure of participation in revenue gains." By installing more powerful locomotives and cars of greater capacity, so Mr. Lauck argued for the Brotherhoods, by running trains of greater length, by eliminating curves, reducing grades, strengthening roadbeds and bridges, the Western Railroads have increased their operating efficiency. They carried more passengers per train mile in 1913

than in 1890, and the freight tonnage per train mile also increased. For ten representative roads, the men maintained, the figures for the thirteen-year period beginning in 1900 disclosed startlingly disproportionate relations between cost of engineers, firemen, operating expenses and revenues; whereas during this period engineers and firemen had received an increase of nearly four cents per revenue train mile, total operating expenses had increased over sixty cents, and the net gain in operating revenue was nineteen and a fraction cents. The use of the heavier and better mechanisms which, assisted by labor, created the growing profits, meant more labor and responsibility for the engineers and firemen, a decline also in the men's earning capacity, and a gradual restriction of the field of employment. In short, the nub of the Brotherhood's case was that the roads were making more money because of improvements in machinery and more arduous work for the men and that the Brotherhoods wanted a share of this prosperity.

In asking for their share, the Brotherhoods maintained that after paying all increases in costs of operation and after allowing interest at five per cent for expenditures for additional property, there was a balance in a given instance of more than twice the amount required by even a twenty-five per cent raise in wages. "We sincerely believe," declared Mr. Lauck, "that a failure to secure this participation in the form of higher rates of pay would shut out every ray of hope to engineers and firemen and other railroad employees to obtain an equitable participation in the future output of their work and the proper advancement of their economic welfare." He further recommended federal regulation of railroad securities to prevent improper increases in capitalization and absorption of revenue gains. "Under these conditions," is the conclusion, "the extent to which participation in revenue gains should be granted to locomotive engineers and firemen could be determined without any possibility of impairment of the recognized interests of investors or the general public."

To the plea of the Brotherhoods the roads replied not that they were unable to pay the wage increase, but that since 1910, the date of the last wage adjustment, there had been no increase in productive efficiency; that, in short, the labor of the men had not grown and developed revenues which should be turned in whole or in part into increased pay. Into the technical maze of this controversy there is no need for delving. The significant thing is that the aristocrats of labor should have based their demands on this foundation instead of on any one of the usual arguments for more wages,

such as, for example, the increasing cost of living.

What fraction of the profits due to productive efficiency should go to the Brotherhoods the Brotherhoods did not say. They left that delicate division to the Board, content with having convinced themselves if not the Board that they had proved what the roads denied—that there had been productive efficiency since 1910. The accounting details, including matters of prime moment, also went up to the Board. Judged by the course of this arbitration, the next one will place demands upon the arbitrators which may demonstrate for good and all the inadequacy of non-expert and non-permanent judges.

W. L. STODDARD.

The Second Battle of Ypres

MEASURED by the noise it has made in the press, the second battle of Ypres for the moment has rivalled the first. Estimated in terms of nineteenth century warfare, more men fought in it than in Waterloo or Gettysburg, and the casualty list probably exceeded either of these earlier conflicts. Compared with the French offensive about St. Mihiel, the British at Neuve Chapelle, it was more completely successful as a local triumph.

Yet while the press of the world was still forecasting another "dash to the Channel," one more advance to Calais, the German offensive had come to a halt and was defending itself, successfully to be sure, against counter attacks. But so clearly had the world grasped the issues of the month's battle between the Lys and the sea in November, that any German operation on these fields was bound to have a definite meaning for it. This, more than all else, explains the exaggeration which accompanied the German move in Flanders.

The true measure of the operation, however, must be sought in the extent of German effort, the duration of the conflict, the numbers actually engaged; and incomplete as are the reports as yet, it is already plain that the later engagement was insignificant compared with the earlier. In October Germany came within an ace of destroying the Anglo-Belgian armies in Flanders. Napoleon at Waterloo was no nearer to success at any moment than the Kaiser several times at Ypres. But in the second battle the Germans by a surprise attack carried several miles of Allied lines away in a powerful drive, and this drive was promptly beaten down as British reserves arrived. In this respect it was Neuve Chapelle over again.

What was Germany's purpose, then, if she was

not aiming at the Channel ports? The answer is simple. For months her lines in France had been recoiling slightly or holding on with grim tenacity. She had been on the defensive, and the fact had made a profound impression upon her own people, upon her enemies, upon the whole neutral world. There was necessary to her some shining exploit, some success that would fill the press, hearten her soldiers, make answer to Allied guns at the Dardanelles, strengthen the hands of her ambassadors in Rome, Athens, Sofia and Bucharest. It was time to win something again.

In the East the weather precluded any considerable operation, while it permitted the temporary release of German troops on the East Prussian frontier. In Austria the nature of the Carpathian country prevented any quick success such as was needed for moral effect. But in Flanders, where Germany had suffered severe defeat in the autumn, a local success would impress a world familiar with the earlier conflict, arouse new hopes in German hearts, restore the confidence of the German soldier and civilian.

As the present war is being fought, a local success is practically assured to the contestant who is willing to pay for it in men and in ammunition. To concentrate an overwhelming force at a given point, to gather a tremendous amount of artillery and suddenly deluge a narrow front with artillery fire, then to follow with a rush of vastly superior numbers, this has been the secret of Allied operations in the west, and is the meaning of Joffre's "nibbling."

In all cases successful advances have been stopped within two or three miles. Lines of trenches one behind another now stretch across the country. In October and November the British about Ypres had no time to fortify, they were caught almost in the open fields, compelled to face largely superior numbers, almost overwhelmed. But they had held on. Since that time they had spent months in fortifying, in drawing second and third lines behind the first. That Germany could do in April what she had failed to do in November with every chance in her favor was not conceivable, probably never entered the minds of German commanders.

What was attempted was this: artillery was concentrated, some two or three corps transferred from the east, skilful and secret preparation made for an attack. The use of gas, the one wholly novel feature of the fight, was but an extension of the idea of the great British cannonade at Neuve Chapelle. It was a new detail in the war of "terribleness," but in keeping with the main principle of "nibbling" operations.

The point selected by the Germans for their at-

tack was the part of the Allied line held by the French west of Ypres, between the British salient about Ypres and the Belgian position at the Yser. In the earlier battles this portion of the line had not been seriously attacked. But British success in taking Hill Number 60, on the eastern side of Ypres, had barred that approach effectively, while the flooded country north of the Yser still prevented a German advance in this quarter.

The attack was made on the afternoon of April twenty-second, and thanks to the use of gas and to the severity of the bombardment it was even more successful than that of the British at Neuve Chapelle. The French line collapsed, the survivors retreated for nearly three miles to the canal. By their retreat they uncovered the flank of the Canadians, who held the ground just to their right, and the German advance swirled round this exposed flank and at the same time beat upon the Canadian front. Momentarily the situation suggested that of the British at Le Cateau, of Rosecrans at Chickamauga.

Despite terrific losses and necessary retreat, the Canadian division preserved its front. Had it broken, the whole western side of the Ypres salient would have gone and Ypres would have been lost. For two days the Canadians, gradually reinforced, contested their ground, retreated a little, counter-attacked and again withdrew. Meantime the French were reinforced, aided by the Belgians. Finally the German advance was stopped just south of the canal, and the French, taking the offensive, regained all but two bridge heads on their side of the canal. As for the Canadians, they ultimately came back to a new line, conforming to the French, made contact with their allies, hung on until British reinforcements came up, and retired, giving their places to fresh troops.

By April twenty-fifth the German official statements were only claiming that their troops were holding conquered ground. The rush was over. They had gained some three miles on a front of five. They had thrust a wedge into the Allied lines. They had carried out with far greater skill and success a manoeuvre completely analogous to that of Sir John French at Neuve Chapelle. German tactical skill shone brilliantly by contrast, but the Germans had been checked, thrown back a little from the extreme point of their advance, were again on the defensive, and once more, to judge by actual operations, outnumbered.

Such, briefly, was the second battle of Ypres, incontestably a shining exploit, timed to weaken if not to destroy the belief in the world that Germany was everywhere restricted to the defensive, that she had "shot her bolt." The point selected for the demonstration was excellently chosen with a

view to the impression that would be made upon the world. Within necessary limitations it was one of the finest bits of actual fighting in the whole war, and it was planned with supreme skill, with a marvelous alertness to the moral as well as the military considerations involved.

By way of emphasizing this moral effect, a daring attack was made upon the French occupying Hartmannsweilerkopf, far off in Alsace, and the hill was taken temporarily. German bulletins gave the impression of a general offensive from Switzerland to the sea, a complete change in the face of the war in the western field. But Hartmannsweilerkopf was speedily retaken, no other German success of note was chronicled, the great offensive, temporarily at least, flickered out. As a consequence of stupendous efforts and very great losses, Germany had actually taken a few miles of trenches in Flanders before she had been pulled down.

Given the enormous superiority of numbers possessed by the Germans in the first battle of Ypres, the opening advantage she had won in the second would probably have meant the ruin of Sir John French's little army. But this was lacking, now that she had only momentary and fortuitous advantage, quickly lost when British concentration to meet the attack began. Such advantage as Germany held in the opening hours disappeared when time had been allowed to bring up reserves. But in November there had been no reserves, no second lines of defenses. Thus in exposing a temporary weakness of her foe, Germany had actually disclosed his permanent strength and her growing weakness, temporarily obscured by the glamor of her exploit.

For the world the second battle of Ypres will perhaps be most memorable as it revealed Canadian courage, devotion, sacrifice. On the Canadians the storm broke with its full force, and Canadian militia repeated the glories of British regulars from Mons to the Marne. Nor was Canada alone among British colonies to stand with the Empire. On the Gallipoli peninsula, Australian and New Zealand troops were at the same moment landing under fire. In South Africa, troops of the Union were sweeping over the German colony, from which had come the agents of sedition a few months earlier. About La Bassée, British Indian troops were winning new laurels. German professors had partitioned the British Empire and liberated British colonies, and the Canadian contingent at Ypres had now answered German professors and German soldiers alike. In British imperial history the second battle of the Ypres will be memorable.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Drinking Song

(The Astronomer Comes Home Drunk)

Drink, drank, drunk.

Who is drunk? Not I, not I!
Earth's a drowsy slattern sunk

In the liquor of the sky—
Drink, drank, drunk.

Land, air, sea—

All are drunk, and only I
Walk the least bit steadily,
While the rest go lurching by—
Land, air, sea.

Wink, blink, swink.

See the stars go reeling home,
Swaying with their azure drink,
Blinky-eyed, and white with foam,
All their silver crowns askew
On their shiny pates and bald,
While the taverns of the blue
Echo with the faint far shout
Of celestial sitters-out,
As another round is called.

Ay, go on and swink, swink, swink!

Lift your throats, and goblets clink!
I can pardon if you stumble—
All at sixes and at sevens—
On some curs'd uneven cobble
In the pavement of the heavens.
Heads'll roll and feet'll fumble,
Roads'll rock and ways'll wobble
Even with us mortal humble—
Whose black gullets never gobble
Brew from your divine sky-pot,
Whose blind bellies never rumble
With such liquor as you've got.

We can sit and soak till tipsy,

Every poor damned earthy sot
Like a boozy tumbled gipsy
In a flaming greasy blouse,
Yet our liquor's never hot—
Hot enough by half to portal
E'en the weakest-headed mortal
Off on a ten-year carouse
In the House of Thinking-Not.

Thought is torment to the thinker;

Mighty drink to the true drinker
Is a consort and a crown.

Mortal liquor's but vile clutter,
Give us, stars, what makes you sputter—
Just the dregs from heaven's gutter—
Give it us, and let us drown!

MALCOLM TAYLOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Birth of a Nation

SIR: I write to thank you for the stand you have taken in regard to the picture film, "The Birth of a Nation," the subject having been again brought up by the account in the *New York Times* of April fifteenth of the egg-throwing and general riot in the Liberty Theatre.

When my sister and I saw the play in New York three weeks ago, we were so convinced that it would stir up a dangerous form of race-hatred that we tried to find out whether it could be stopped by the censor. We were told that not only had it passed the censor but that the President had seen the film before it was made public and had heartily endorsed it. I was so convinced that this could not be true that on my return to Washington I wrote to Mr. Tumulty, the President's secretary, told him what I had heard, and that I did not believe the President would wish to have his name used as approving of that representation. Mr. Tumulty answered briefly that the President had seen the film but had expressed no opinion on it. I cannot understand how the President, with his deep sense of responsibility toward the nation and his reputation as a serious historian, can allow his own words to be quoted in support of the thesis of this play.

HARRIET BLAINE BEALE.

Washington, D. C.

Admiration of Criticized Verse

SIR: I wish to record a word of dissent to some of the conclusions made by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and to protest against the perspective from which he has viewed Miss Harriet Monroe's "You and I." I do not believe that one as skilled in the use of words as he, meant to accuse Miss Monroe of "muscularity" as regards her odes and other poems treating of large themes like "The Yosemite." I rather believe that Mr. Brooks was feeling for a word and did not get the one that expressed his thought. For it cannot truthfully be said that any of Miss Monroe's work has the stamp of "muscularity." She has done a notable thing in selecting themes for poetical interpretation distinctively American and of large proportions and picturesque quality. And when we are just past the day when American poetry was given over to little subjects in the hands of emasculated writers, Miss Monroe's grasp of the possibilities of significant material deserves a better reception than Mr. Brooks has given it. It might be asked how Miss Monroe has suffered "a complete obliteration of personality" in choosing such themes, when her personality is so fully reflected in the very choice itself, as a mind "public-spirited, progressive and humanitarian," to use Mr. Brooks' own words. As for the manner in which she has treated them, no one can deny her skill, her imagination, and her varied music. The poem which Mr. Brooks chooses for praise, "After Sunset," shows that he has overlooked "At Twilight," "The Childless Woman" and the double sonnet "Pain," where Miss Monroe is clearly at her best in lyrical effects. Such at least is the consensus of opinion, and I am willing to venture my opinion that the double sonnet has not been surpassed by an American writer.

EDGAR L. MASTERS.

Chicago.

Light on the Bill of Rights

SIR: In connection with your editorial, "The Bill of Rights Theory," I desire to call attention to an article entitled "Political Safeguards and Judicial Guaranties," by Professor W. F. Dodd of the University of Illinois, appearing in the *Columbia Law Review*.

In his discussion of political safeguards, Professor Dodd draws on recent English history, and for an analysis of the effects of judicially enforceable guaranties he instances the experience of the United States. He points out that, because of the indefinite nature of these guaranties, our courts have failed to establish clear principles for the guidance of the legislatures; further, that they have more often extended their protection to property interests than to rights purely personal. He adds that where constitutions are hard to amend, our system makes possible permanent limitations upon democracy; and that under any conditions it has been productive of doubtful benefits.

Notwithstanding these criticisms, Professor Dodd does not advocate the abolition of judicial guaranties. He believes that these take the place of the stabilizing traditions of European countries. In view of the incompetence and partisan subserviency of most of our legislatures, he is probably right in withholding supreme power from them.

In my opinion if statutes could be declared unconstitutional only by unanimous decision of the court of last resort, and if it were made easy so to amend constitutions as to give additional powers to the legislatures, the interests of a progressive democracy would be furthered.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL.

New York City.

Who are the Unregenerate?

SIR: There are three degrees of mendacity—mendacity, condemned mendacity and statistics. This old truth is illustrated by the rejoinder of Edith Abbott to your comments on the women's vote in the Chicago election.

If the men (or the women) had remained away from the polls, you said that "the result of the mayoralty election would have been precisely the same." Then Miss Abbott quotes the results of the primary election on the Republican side and triumphantly asserts that they show "that if the men had stayed at home on primary day" the noble and good candidate would have been nominated by the women, and Chicago to-day would be basking in good government. But the figures she quotes show that on primary day the women did stay at home. Hence the offer of the sad alternative to the electors at the later election to choose between a wicked Republican and a wicked Democrat. Of the men 113,000 went to the primaries, and of the women only, alas! 58,700—though in Chicago there are as many women as men.

So that it was the refusal of half the Republican women to take advantage of this first glorious opportunity to help in choosing a mayor which allowed the unregenerate men to nominate a blemished candidate. What a pity that the good women (and we know that all women are good) should have attended to their home duties that primary day when they might have saved the city!

JOHN MARTIN.

Stapleton, N.Y.

The Comedy of War

Arms and the Man, a comedy in three acts, by George Bernard Shaw. Presented at the Park Theatre, New York, May 3, 1915.

ON a tramp last Sunday we entered a little New York town about five in the quiet afternoon. Learning from an old Irishman the way to the station, "the dip-o," we walked along in busy conversation until suddenly nearby we heard the silver music of a band. Quickening our steps, we came in an instant on the smooth open green where the band was playing, and in the middle of that space, like a thin etching islanded in a great margin, we beheld a totally unexpected sight. Diminutive under the hills in the distance but startlingly clear on the wide bare plain, we saw facing us two unbroken lines of blue-grey figures, the band standing apart to the left and a few circulating leaders in front.

A sharp word floated across the silence, and with a fine blare of sound the band started toward us. The whole line faced about. A section of it detached itself, and came in long parallels up the edge of the sward. Another section followed, then another, and as each detachment neared the side where it stood it turned as if on a pivot, and went by us two-deep in twinkling ranks of incredible straightness. Between the detachments there was a wide ceremonial interval. Except for the music, and an occasional staccato command, the performance was sacramentally silent. Intense seriousness was written on the clear boyish faces under the absurd shakos. There was seriousness in the short brown muskets on their shoulders, seriousness in the immaculate uniforms, seriousness in the truncated swallow-tail coats. A few tanned soldiers dotted the sidewalk, to keep the spectators in order, but the spectators were rivetted in worship. They held their place like the subordinate, obedient trees.

It was the deference of the spectators and the proud affirmation of the music that somehow gave the parade its expressiveness. The women especially had an acceptive air. They nestled among the officers off duty, who stood with their gorgeously red-lined cloaks flung carelessly back. They were smart, these women, and evidently admired, but in their attitude there was something adherent and dependent. The smart officers stood out boldly among them, hierarchical males.

After this glimpse of West Point, this suggestion of the traditional and the feudal, an apt richness attaches to the humor of "Arms and the Man." It is not in its essence a comedy of the soldier at war. Because of the time and the milieu in which it was composed, it is much more essentially a comedy of the soldier as soldier. It is the parade-ground that is the battlefield of Bernard Shaw's wit, and it is against the women who romanticize the soldier that he sends his stinging barbs.

Gilbert Chesterton made a very witty comment on Shaw. "People," he said, "who have really scraped the gilt off gingerbread generally waste the rest of their lives in attempting to scrape the gilt off gigantic lumps of gold. Such has too often been the case of Shaw. He can, if he likes, scrape the romance off the armaments of Europe or the party system of Great Britain. But he cannot scrape the romance off love or military valor, because it is all romance, and three thousand miles thick."

But here, as too often the case of Chesterton, a specific criticalness in Shaw is distrusted on the grounds of doubt. In the eyes of Raina Petkoff there is no doubt whatever that her Sergius is militarily valiant. He is a

Bulgarian patriot, and she imagines him at the head of the Bulgarians leading a thrilling charge against the Serbian guns. But in point of fact, as Bluntschli soon demonstrates, Sergius is a "gigantic lump" not of gold but of arrant stupidity. He risks his life in charging against the guns, but, as Bluntschli drily indicates, his horse ran away with him, and it is only by a piece of sheer luck that his inefficient horsemanship was not punished by immediate death. As the Swiss sees it, Sergius was too busy being valiant to use a little human intelligence, and the only excuse he finds for him is the improbable one that he knew the enemy had no ammunition.

Were Bluntschli a poltroon, Chesterton's reaction would be justified. But, though the Swiss is a mercenary, though he is intensely fond of chocolate creams, and though he confesses to the strongest distaste for danger, he is under no illusion as to the practicability of cowardice. He is, in fact, a very brave man. Since everyone around him, however, is drugged with vainglory, he is determinedly waiving even glory. He is like a deity sniffing over an old-fashioned engraving of Jehovah, pointing out the rheumatic disadvantages of clouds, and insisting on the centripetal earth.

But the humor of "Arms and the Man" does not consist merely in the contrast between Sergius, the vain-glorious, and Bluntschli, the pragmatic. It is carried out into a contrast between all the pretensions of Bulgarian nobility and all the common sense of Swiss citizenship. It is in vain, from the standpoint of the Swiss, that Sergius swaggers around as a hero. It is in vain that Raina talks in lofty periods. He is only the son of a hotel-keeper, a professional adventurer, but his head is tightly screwed on his shoulders. The Bulgarians boast of their pride, their dignity, their tradition, their honor, but he is mainly conscious of their rhetoric. He takes more stock in works than faith. When the aristocratic majors are too incompetent to arrange for their troops, he quietly rescues them. He is not troubled, as they are, by the necessity for style. He accepts the obdurate law that the style is the man.

Since militarism is so largely a style imposed and exalted, the humor of this attack depends on Bluntschli's independence of character. Had the Bulgarians been competent as well as aristocratic, efficient as well as courageous, sophisticated as well as fervent, it is possible that the chocolate soldier would not be so telling. But it was not Shaw's purpose when he wrote this comedy to satirize the dangerous militarist. What he designed was to show the clay feet of a petty, not a formidable, hero-worship, and this he accomplished with his usual sound irreverence. Had he erred in feeling, a revival at this moment would be disastrous. But the highest tribute to his genius is the way this comedy rings true. Triumphant though Sergius is, in his present European guise, the audience really sympathizes with Shaw. It is Bluntschli that appeals to it, in spite of the romance around the soldier, in spite of the revered feudalism at West Point.

For the fresh gaiety of this revival no one deserves more thanks than Mr. Arnold Daly. Perceiving the inherent fun of Shaw, as apart from his contribution to ideas, he plays Bluntschli for pure comedy and attains it. Comedy must be simmered on a slow fire, not boiled on a hot one. Its essence must be extracted, not forced. This secret Mr. Daly possesses, and his performance threw a high light on Shaw's permanencies. It is evident from "Arms and the Man" that Shaw as a comedic dramatist speaks not merely for a cult but for the widest repertory.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Books and Things

IN Kansas City they have started a newspaper to which I shall subscribe. It is called the *Public Pulse*, is published monthly, costs a dollar a year, and consists almost wholly of contributions from readers. The first issue is interesting. It reduces one's ignorance of what is going on in other people's heads. While I read I look between the bars of my cage at the real world, where Mr. Albert Harris, for example, of Harrisonville, Ark., has troubles different from mine, and quite as serious. He fears the growing effeminacy of men. Some men "even powder their faces," not after shaving, but for street wear. "I myself saw this when in Little Rock this very winter. It is damnable." Mr. Arthur T. Simpson of Cleveland fears the growing idleness of women. He advises them to learn shaving. "I am a young man making enough to support a wife . . . A practical young woman who could turn out a good neckshave would . . . make a big hit with me." Mr. Abraham Barth, who now lives in Cedar Rapids, fears the growth of the bathing fad: "Our people now are always washing themselves. In one novel I read of a man taking a hot bath every night and a cold shower each morning. The way it was told, you'd think every one in Society did it. That's why so many of our people are working up to it." In the town where Mr. Barth grew up "there were not over two or three bathrooms in private dwellings . . . And only one public bath—one tub in a barber shop. Some people bathed once a week. More bathed once a month; but hardly that often in winter . . . yet our people were fine people. They lived long . . . Except children, there was hardly ever a natural death except from old age."

To relieve my mind I shall make two suggestions to the editors of the *Public Pulse*. First, to print in each issue two or three letters from thoroughly stupid correspondents. Secondly, to print not only letters but reports of talk. Thus will the paper gain in variety, since talk is often stranger than letters. My janitor, coming into my room the other day, began with his usual abruptness: "You asked me two months ago what I think about this war. Well, I look at it this way. This war was unnecessarily called for. You said to me the Allies were going to win, but I've studied this thing with a map, and those fellows have got five thousand miles of France. They'll never get 'em out. If you take and farm and you let wild carrots and daisies into your farm you'll never get 'em out until you go over every inch of that farm with a plough. Can the Allies go over Belgium and those five thousand miles of France with a plough? The way for those fellows to win is to sit still and let the Allies do their attacking. Military work, military work. Did you notice what happened at Stamford the other day? You didn't? Who ordered a thousand feet of sixteen-wire cable? The Germans. And paid for it, too, when they gave the order. Can you get men like that out of France and Belgium? They'll never get 'em out."

This brand of war talk interests me more than the poem which started the lately deceased row at Harvard. What the newspapers, which are really a little morbid about free advertisements, call "one of the student publications," and what I will boldly call *The Advocate*, offered a prize for the best war poem. The judges were Dean Briggs and Professor Bliss Perry. Professor Kuno Meyer, of the University of Berlin, who has been lecturing in this country, and who was a candidate for a position as exchange

professor at Harvard, calls the prize-winning poem "damnable." He blames President Lowell and Harvard for allowing it to be published as the prize-winner. He says "The University of Harvard has wantonly and wickedly gone out of its way to carry strife into the hallowed peace of the academic world by heaping insults upon a people to which it, in common with and above the rest of America, owes so much." He regrets that "I was induced, at a time when my country is engaged in a life and death struggle, at which you only scoff, to set foot in the defiled precincts of a once noble university." He also withdraws his candidacy for the exchange professorship, and hopes no German will ever again accept the post.

The trouble with such a letter, written in excitement and anger, is that it draws pictures of crime and punishment. Professor Meyer thinks Harvard has been guilty of a fair-sized crime—of "gratuitous and shameless insult to the honor and fair fame of a friendly nation." What shall the punishment be? Why, the withdrawal of Professor Meyer's candidacy for the exchange professorship. From such a punishment for such a crime I get a feeling that somebody's sense of proportion has gone to the bad. Although the crime was measured for a suit of punishment, the clothes which Professor Meyer has made to order are several sizes too small. But it is hardly fair to judge him by his letter. When you are very angry you must use the weapon you have in stock, however inadequate. It is hard for any of us to "flounce" or "fling" out of a room without appearing to overestimate the loss caused by our departure. Professor Kuno Meyer is a more considerable person than his letter would lead you to suppose. Mr. George Moore says in *Salve* that Professor Meyer has a "suave and lucid mind."

Where Professor Meyer went wrong was in thinking Harvard University had committed any crime. President Lowell had no trouble in showing, when he answered Professor Meyer with calm, that speech would be less free than it has been at Harvard if the students weren't allowed to print pretty much what they please in their papers and magazines. Harvard is no more responsible for the spirit of the poem than for the taste of Dean Briggs and Professor Bliss Perry, who gave it the prize. Not long ago I was walking in the country along a Rural Free Delivery Route. We passed mail-box after mail-box of quaint design, not all alike, yet each asserting that it had been "approved by the Postmaster-general." The sight of these boxes troubled the man I was with, and continued to trouble him until he achieved this consoling thought: "What do you suppose the ones the Postmaster-general didn't approve could have looked like?" Even so. And in the case of this poem, which I think extremely poor, and of which the prize-winning publication is likely to injure the honor and fair fame of undergraduate verse, I shall not blame Messrs. Briggs and Perry. The war may have had as disastrous an effect upon Harvard poetry as upon Professor Meyer's prose. The other competing poems may have been worse. Like this "Hate-song," perhaps:

A hater he came and sat by a ditch,
And he took an old cracked lute;
And he sang a song which was more of a screech
'Gainst a woman that was a brute.

You think I made these up, and made them as bad as I could? Not so. They were composed in 1817 by P. B. Shelley.

P. L.

Idealized New England

"WHAT a terrible book," I said, "what a supremely cruel book!"

"A tragic masterpiece," she contradicted, "a landmark in American literature. Against that iron New England background Mrs. Wharton's few figures have an almost Euripidean quality."

"But the Greeks never made their audiences writhe," I protested. "Could you write choruses to 'Ethan Frome,' melodious choruses to be chanted by tranquil, veiled women and offering some alleviation to the bitter lot of man? No," I went on with heat, "you'll find only jibbering fiends to break Ethan's agony. The story is a fine example of what hate can accomplish as creative inspiration; and of the difference between observation and understanding."

"Come now," she said, "that sounds like local prejudice. You should be sufficiently disaffected by New York and Europe to perceive the depleted side of your native states."

"Have I not seen the industrious Swede and the inscrutable Finn absorbing the land cleared by my ancestors' vitality?"

"Well then! And you care so much for the French classic manner—how can you fail to appreciate the rapidity, the suppressions, the sharp yet delicate shadings of this poignant New England drama?"

"Ah, but that's just why the book wounds me so. My acquired literary sense, which Mrs. Wharton pricks to admiration on every page, here conflicts with something far more real and subconscious—the knowledge I was born with of the kind of people, the kind of place, yes and the kind of drama of weakened will she is so relentlessly describing. And I tell you that in spite of the *vraisemblance* of the surface, she has got them all wrong. She has nowhere dug down into the subsoil."

"You don't mind quarreling with the authorities," she remarked. "Of course you read Mr. Herrick on Mrs. Wharton in THE NEW REPUBLIC?"

"Yes, it was precisely that article which sent me back to the sources. No doubt Mrs. Wharton is more psychologist than social historian; no doubt, as he said, her real interest is in the subtler and more universal sort of spiritual conflicts. But I can't admit that the conflict between love and duty in 'Ethan Frome' is less conditioned by special environment, than, for example, Lily Bart's struggle."

"You will grant that men tied to wives older than themselves, ill, ugly and querulous, are doomed in every quarter of the globe to fall in love with girls like blackberries who put red ribbons in their hair."

"Certainly. But Ethan and his wife Zeena, and her young cousin, Mattie Silver, are not generalized types. Would Mr. Herrick accept them as they stand, for Ohio or Illinois? They are New England country people of old stock living in a lonely snowed-in hill town in the Berkshires. Mrs. Wharton's deliberate purpose is to show what life in Starkfield really means to a man who has been there too many winters; to show the grim New England skeleton that the summer resident usually fails to discover during his pleasant months in the elm-shaded village—unless he happens upon a degenerate chore-boy, or sees a poor little girl in short skirts carrying her shame to school under a cape."

"True, and the New England writers have largely ignored the skeleton. The 'idyll' has been done to death, like the conscience. I commend Mrs. Wharton for finding a new subject in an overworked field."

"So do I, but if 'Ethan Frome' is a New England tale in the same sense as Miss Brown's or Mrs. Freeman's

stories or 'The Country of the Pointed Firs'—and this is just the point I am venturing to make against Mr. Herrick—then surely one is justified in asking, as he does about the New York novels, whether the author has been fair to her subject. Do Zeena's false teeth click true, do Ethan and Mattie make love in Starkfield fashion, would they have taken the fatal coast that brought about the intolerable horror of their lives?"

"Ugh," said my friend, "those false teeth—what a sure realistic note! I can never forget the glass by the bed, into which the wife dropped them when she blew out the candle at night in the terrible gray, cold room."

"Of course you can't. Neither could Mrs. Wharton. You both look at Starkfield with the eyes of the sophisticated stranger who arrives there in a blizzard, and stumbles through the drifts into Ethan's run-down 'place.' You notice the superficial things that would make you miserable. Ethan suffered in all sorts of ways, but not from false teeth: he was brought up on them! His mother had them; his cousins and neighbors had them; he probably admired Mattie less because she hadn't 'had her molars out'!"

"Well, I waive the teeth," said she with a shudder. "Let's take the coasting parties and the church sociable. Surely Mrs. Wharton has those in key?"

"In the unconsciously contemptuous key of the person who has a box at the opera. How should cosmopolitans understand what such diversions mean to Starkfield folks? They have all sorts of consolations if you only knew. Even when winter breaks and the teams sink up to their axles in mud, they have things to live for and look for—pussy-willows, for instance. Laugh if you like! Do you remember 'Miss Tempy's Watchers' and the one thorny quince tree she 'kind of expected into bloomin'' every spring?"

"You mean that because of its very repressions, its very barrenness, and physical deprivations, New England life still produces a sort of flower—"

"Pale as snowdrops, hidden in dead leaves like hepaticas and arbutus; yet precious to those who know where to look for it. That is the sort of flower Ethan's and Mattie's love was, but they could never have expressed it to each other."

"Mrs. Wharton lets them express it so little," she objected.

"Ah, but a word, a touch would have spoiled it for them. I think Ethan, dim and weakened descendant of rugged forefathers that he was, would have had the spirit to drive his Mattie to the station when his wife sent her packing. But he would not have dreamed of stopping for that preposterous coast for death. It was just Mrs. Wharton's own sense of the blankness and emptiness, the lack of beauty and passion in Starkfield lives, that made her construct that tremendous fourth act for her lovers and condemn them to its gruesome, long-drawn epilogue."

"You think they would have driven on silently to the station and parted with a dumb handshake and a look?"

"Sustained by something they did not understand, something they half rebelled against and yet could not possibly foreswear."

"Then Ethan's real tragedy would have been that he had nothing real, tangible, to cling to—only an idea, a feeling, a dream to carry him through those slow gray years when Zeena continued to flourish on patent medicines?"

"Exactly. The real New England tragedy, as Mrs. Wharton herself realized at bottom, is not that something happens but that nothing does. Yet if Ethan was tender to Zeena instead of strangling her complaining voice in her lanky throat, it was because when he was out alone in the

pasture lot and heard the hermit thrush singing in the pines he knew he had been right. The image of his girl was warm in his heart then and undefiled, like Martha's memory of her 'lady.'"

"Miss Jewett again! It isn't fair. She had a natural love of light and sun, an aversion to the shadow and cruelty and ugliness of life which Mrs. Wharton has the courage to face and to probe."

"Is that the essential point of difference? I don't think so. There are chapters in Miss Jewett's works—in 'Deep-haven' for example—and passages in her letters which show her full knowledge of the shadow even though she did not often linger there. For that matter, almost any of her stories if told from outside in rather than from inside out might be sordid and grim. That's the bearing of our whole argument, isn't it? Take the 'The Queen's Twin.' What was she? To most people a poor, cracked old creature, the victim of a silly delusion. It needed the feeling heart of Mrs. Todd to realize that she was, in fact as in fancy, the sister soul of royalty, a woman with a shining destiny."

"You evidently think the only creative truth is that perceived by love. I believe any strong passion is worth recording."

"Possibly. Indifference could not have written 'Ethan Frome.' But if Mrs. Wharton had realized Ethan as Miss Jewett did the Queen's Twin, as she herself loved and understood her most significant creation, Lily Bart, we should get some shock of those deep-down unwritable things which are the vital parts of novels as they are of human beings. We should get life, not a literary copy of it."

"It's no use," said my friend, "to argue on her own soil with the descendant of a band of hopeless idealists who see the hardest facts in a sort of Platonic glow. I am afraid I must still read and admire 'Ethan Frome.'"

"Wait till you are old. That is a New England counsel, but just wait! Then the 'Queen's Twin,' and the 'Dunnet Shepherdess' will still be full of living human poetry and truth and the salt-sweet scent of high coast pastures, and 'Ethan Frome' will be rotting in his grave."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Jewish Life in Modern Times

Jewish Life in Modern Times, by Israel Cohen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00 net.

IT is not so long since many good people believed that Judaism had come to an end with the destruction of the Temple in the year 70, and that at best the Jews were an anachronism. There was ample evidence of them during the intervening centuries, but to the average person the Jew himself must have seemed as unreal as his portrayal in literature.

When in the nineteenth century medieval misgovernment occasioned a new exodus, the world awoke to the fact that nineteen centuries after Judaism had been "superseded" there were millions of Jews, virile and productive. And since they were to be found, as a rule, in compact communities, "the gregariousness of the Jews . . . has given them a position of prominence . . . far exceeding that proportionate to their numbers" (p. 6). This has made them a subject for much study and investigation, whose interest is enhanced by the many contrasts Jewish life affords: Jews are fabulously rich yet pitifully poor; cultured yet illiterate; altruistic yet sordid; punctiliously pious yet rabidly heterodox; law-abiding yet unruly; cosmopolitan yet clannish; a racial solidarity yet a communal chaos—to mention but a few characteristics.

Not that misjudgment of the Jew is necessarily wilful. Psychologically, current opinion of the Jew is colored by what Zangwill terms "the dislike for the unlike." And as the average man has neither time nor inclination to delve into statistics or analyze cause and effect, he accepts current opinion. Hence there are many fallacies concerning the Jew, to support or refute which volumes have been written. The most recent, Israel Cohen's "Jewish Life in Modern Times," renders notable service in presenting the Jew as he is, by marshalling a legion of facts to rout the fallacies.

Take, for example, criminality among the Jews. The author contends that "prejudiced critics who visit the sins of the few upon the nation at large" and a "sensational-loving press" give the impression of enormous iniquity. "But the very prominence given to Jewish cases only serves to emphasize their comparative infrequency" (p. 89). This is "the more notable, as the Jews are an urban people, among whom crime is usually more rife" (p. 94). Even so, the bulk of the "crimes" consists of infringing Sunday closing or local traffic laws. As for criminality, the following is typical: "In Germany, arson and theft were committed thrice more by Christians than by Jews, robbery nine times more, injurious assault thrice more and murder seven times more" (p. 97).

The racial purity of the Jew is another mooted question. Our author admits there is no one uniform Jewish type, but rather "a variety of types, each possessing an unmistakable Jewish factor, and yet presenting a certain resemblance to the predominant local type, which results from the unconscious mimicry of muscular movements" (p. 116). He maintains, however, that "the evidence of history supports the view that the Jewish race did not suffer any appreciable influx of alien blood in Europe" (p. 114). Witness that "the bas-reliefs of Hebrew prisoners taken in 973 B.C.E. present a striking resemblance to the predominant Jewish type of the present day" (p. 116).

Most of the book is devoted to the problem of the Jew's future, which we may thus summarize: The most prevalent Jewish experience is oppression; the most available remedy is migration; the most pressing problem, adaptation and survival; the greatest menace, disintegration. Not all of these phases affect all Jews alike. The Western Jews—those in Western Europe and America—are in most respects fortunate. But Eastern Jewry, numerically the greater part, is still in bondage. Without going into detail we may say that "the hostile attitude of the government breeds antagonism in the masses" in whose wake come the most crushing misery and poverty.

"The only avenue of immediate relief is migration." Many have availed themselves of it and their total is appalling. In all almost three million, or more than one-fifth of the world's Jewish population, have permanently transplanted their homes . . . in the last thirty years" (p. 214). This migration involves a monetary value that "has been estimated (for 1912) at seven million dollars, in transportation, head-tax and money-in-hand" (p. 220).

Yet the monetary cost is slight compared with the price the Jew pays in the devastation of his religious and communal life. The emigrant passes from a Jewish to a non-Jewish milieu, which is *ipso facto* inimical to the older religious life. True, the only deliberate attempt to wean the Jew from his religion is the misguided zeal of the conversionist, with his "Christian mission to the Hebrews," and from it the Jew has little to fear. Luther long ago said, "It is just as possible to convert the Jew as to con-

vert the devil." And if, "in 1898, the London Society spent £28,439 on the conversion of 28 Jews" (p. 296), the Jewish convert is worth more to his new than to his old co-religionists.

More serious is the apostasy of those who find baptism the only avenue to social or material advancement. But most alarming is the indifference that has become widespread. Judaism is an exacting religion, and when its devotees are emphatically a minority, its observance becomes extremely difficult. In addition, "the decadence of religious feeling that characterizes the world in general has infected the communities of Israel."

To combat this indifference, reform Jews have "Occidentalized" Judaism and made it easier to practice. Yet "all the concessions to the modern spirit" have hardly arrested the disintegration. On the contrary, reform, by abolishing historic customs and minimizing the importance of others . . . facilitates the drift of its members . . . to less exacting cults . . . or to the easy-going world of free thought" (p. 288). So the author thinks that orthodox Judaism is too exacting to survive, while reform Judaism scarcely endeavors to. After proving to his satisfaction that religion is no longer the tie that binds, he offers Zionism, or the national rehabilitation of the Jew in Palestine, as the solution of the Jewish problem.

But I fear he overdraws conditions. Zionism might be the only remedy if Judaism were doomed. But is it indeed doomed? More than half the Jews are still living in an intensely Jewish atmosphere. True, on entering the Western world they may become less devout. But is there not a reciprocal effect? Do they not revitalize the moribund Jewish communities? With the almost endless reservoirs to draw from, and with migration as the disseminating force, Judaism is far from extinction. Zionism should be the supplement of Judaism, not its substitute. In the East it can give new vitality to the religion, and add meaning to the dictum "All Israel are brethren." In the West, Zionism, as its founder, Dr. Herzl, said, can be "the return to Judaism prior to the return to the Jewish land." That, after all, is the best way of arresting disintegration.

In general the author has stated the Jewish position most efficiently. Jewish wrongs he describes feelingly yet not plaintively; Jewish rights he urges insistently yet without servility. He makes statistics eminently readable, and from a multitude of loose details he constructs a unified narrative of the varied experiences and the complex problems of a remarkable people. His is undoubtedly the best and most comprehensive volume in recent years on the Jew.

C. DAVID MOTT.

Farce by Mr. Wells

Bealby, a Holiday, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35 net.

IT is only fair to put the reader on his guard by confessing that this review is written by a standpatter. My taste in farce is for the old-fashioned technique. When I learn, very early in a Labiche play, that the old gentleman on the stage has lost by theft, every day for twenty years, thirty-seven sous, I am unaccountably pleased. Likewise am I pleased by the economy of an author who reaps, in the last act or last chapter, whatever he has sown in the first. In the structure of a farce nothing can be too posterously neat and tight for my reactionary taste.

These remarks may be an explanation of my dissatisfaction with "Bealby." As farce it is unconscientious and

ragged. No sign of the deductive faculty at play. Given the start, the initial situation, there is no reason why what happened to Bealby should have happened to him. There are coincidences, as many as Mr. Wells wishes, but we are denied the pleasure of watching two separate processions of events marching toward their longed-for coincidence. The book ends by denying us the gratification of beholding a question answered, a logical design completed, a canvas exactly filled.

On the other hand, "Bealby" contains many good things which most farces lack. It contains, for example, a large number of characters described with a sharp amused eye, described so that we see both their peculiarities and the absurdity of their position in this world. And the book contains a decent amount of real Wells. Lady Luxton, recovering in bed from her disastrous week-end, studies "a new and very circumstantial pamphlet by Bishop Fowle on social evils," reads antivivisection literature, and re-reads the newspaper accounts of a colliery disaster.

"To such women as Lady Luxton," says Mr. Wells, "brought up in an atmosphere of refinement that is almost colorless, and living a life troubled only by small social conflicts and the minor violence of" her husband, Sir Peter, "blameless to the point of complete uneventfulness, and secure and comfortable to the point of tedium, there is something amounting to fascination in the wickedness and suffering of more normally situated people, there is a real attraction and solace in the thought of pain and stress, and as her access to any other accounts of vice and suffering was restricted, she kept herself closely in touch with the more explicit literature of the various movements for human moralization that distinguish our age. . . . The counterfoils of her cheque book witnessed to her gratitude for these vicarious sensations."

There are many equally good things, and equally characteristic, in "Bealby." They do not save the book, which isn't long, from seeming longish and here and there a little tedious. Yet I am glad I read it, because I shall forget the tedious places and remember the people, especially the tramp with whom Bealby roams the country.

M. F.

John Galsworthy Satirizes

The Little Man and Other Satires, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.30 net.

NEGATIVE words come into one's head as one reads Mr. Galsworthy's new volume. These satires are unbitting, unwhimsical, unenergetic, unenjoying, rather unmalicious. The satire is quiet, a little etiolated, a little obvious, rooted in a generous pity for men and women whose lot would be easier if the amount of unimaginative pitilessness in the world were smaller.

Here and there one comes across beautiful bits of bright color among Mr. Galsworthy's delicate grays. Here is a dancer who comes to the Camp at Fennourès of the Fayoum: "Pretty she is as the dusk, as a tiger-cat, a fire-fly, a flower of the hibiscus, her skin but little darker than our own; her eyes clear agate-green, her teeth whiter than milk, a gold crescent through her right nostril, and her fine chin blue from tattooing." Here is another young woman, a courtesan of Karnak, seen in a lemon grove outside the walls, facing her judges: "Her short broad face, with its pale hair, was pretty and amiable; but the bistre-circled eyes of forget-me-not blue were tragic and furtive, passing from countenance to countenance with a frightened caress."

But the book's own color is more like the color of this passage: "The men are sleeping, huddled with the silent camels in dark clumps on the gray sand." Or of this: "Out beyond the dark excitement of those faces the peaceful sky is glittering with stars; the clear-cut palm-trees, under a moon still crescent, shiver in the wind."

Ten of the satires in this volume are called "studies of extravagance." Mr. Galsworthy gives us ten characters—the writer, the critic, the plain man, the superlative, the preceptor, the housewife, the latest thing, the perfect one, the competitor. They are studies of extravagance, if you like, but it is such a silver-point extravagance! While one reads one grows a little suspicious that the commoner process has been reversed in Mr. Galsworthy's case, that what he feels is newer than what he sees, except when he is seeing landscape or young women, that although his sensitiveness has been exposed to and has winced under particular persons, he has seen them more as not unfamiliar types.

The thing he is most sensitive to is insensitiveness to other people's suffering, to other people's interests and desires. Even his social pity is in this book not quite direct. Egotism and callousness are the most frequent objects of his satire. His attention is more often directed to them than to their causes or to the misery they do not relieve, directed most often to the insensitiveness of persons who don't feel social pity or imaginative sympathy. And there are traces of an inclination to condemn this world as a place which rather frequently condemns those who do feel social pity to a certain rather fine futility.

Nowadays one takes up any new book by Mr. Galsworthy with the same question in one's mind: Has he won free this time? And one puts this book down with this answer: Not this time.

Free from what? It would be hard to say. Only, as often as one comes into fresh contact with his distinguished talent, with its gray beautiful discretions, with his sensitiveness and refined pities, his dislike of egotism and thickness of skin, his gentleness toward age and weakness, his love of youth and fineness and the country and the sky, one waits, so hopefully, for the fire so delicately and reasonably laid to burst into flame. Could life but set a torch to Mr. Galsworthy, some energy imprisoned in him would be liberated. Perhaps his books would lose their fine flavor of inhibition, but they would gain a missing quality which would send a strong current through all the qualities he has already, would substitute something a little like ardor for something a little like constraint.

P. L.

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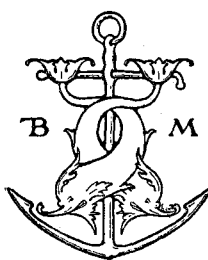
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